

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

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(From the Independent.)

## A Cloister-Mood.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

How mingles with the tempest's swells  
That warning of tumultuous bells!  
The fire is loose, and frantic knells  
Throb fast and faster,  
As tower to tower confusedly tells  
News of disaster!

But on my far-off solitude  
No harsh alarms can intrude:  
The terror comes to me, subdued  
And charmed by distance,  
To deepen the habitual mood  
Of my existence.

Are those, I muse, the Christmas chimes?  
And listen, weaving careless rhymes,  
While the loud city's griefs and crimes  
Pay gentle allegiance  
To the rapt spirit that sublimates  
My dreamy regions.

And when the storm whirls down the shore  
I watch entranced, as, o'er and o'er,  
The light revolves amid the roar  
So still and saintly,  
Now large and near, now more and more  
Withdrawing faintly.

This, too, despairing sailors see  
Flash out the breakers'neath their lee  
In sudden snow, then lingeringly  
Wane toward eclipse,  
While through the dark the shuddering sea  
Gropes for the ships.  
And is it right this mood of mind  
That thus can sit, with peace enshrined,  
And in the world more topics find  
For idle stricture,  
Seeing the life of humankind  
Only as picture?

The events in line of battle go;  
In vain for me their trumpets blow  
As unto him that lieth low  
In death's dark arches,  
And through the sod hears, throbbing slow,  
The muffled marches.  
My Dante frowns with lip-locked mien,  
As who would say, "They only, I ween,  
Whom life-long armor-chafe makes lean,  
Achieve the vision,"—  
For what? to feed the unfriend's spleen,  
The friend's misprision!

What needs be more, that here can sit  
And muse through Burton's long-drawn wit  
Or subterranean Donne's gem-lit  
Aladdin's caverns,  
Or crunch with Burns the fresh-strawn grit  
On floors of taverns?

What more than Spenser's golden age,  
Than Plato's grove, and Shakespeare's stage,  
Than Taylor's pulpit, Placcus' page  
He drained a flask on?  
Who ever answered thy *Que seais-je?*  
Thou fleeing Gascon!

And yet what boots it thus to store  
The brain's mow with their musty lore,  
Or wander listless on the shore  
To watch the willow  
Of life's blind waves that yield no more  
Than scallops hollow?

Scallops to show our feet have prest  
Those holy places where the Best  
Was and is not;—a beggar's quest,  
Old tomb-doors haunting,  
As if God's trefail in our West  
Lacked alien planting!

Oh, Duty, am I dead to thee  
In this my cloistered ecstasy,

In this lone shallop on the sea  
Adrift toward silence?  
And are those visioned shores I see  
But sirens' islands?

Best question not the idle air;  
Leave what to do and what to spare  
To the inspiring moment's care,  
Nor look for payment  
Of fame or gold, but just to wear  
Unspotted raiment.

Cambridge, Jan. 23, 1860.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## Rue Chabannais, No. 6.

From ELISE POLKO'S "Musikalische Märchen, Phantasien und Skizzen"; translated by FANNY MALONE RAYMOND.

In the small and narrow Rue Chabannais, one of the most unseemly streets in the handsome city of Paris, stands a lofty, but rather gloomy house, marked No. 6. Ugly, lanky, old-maidish looking buildings stand watchfully on both sides, and have even posted themselves on the opposite side, squinting with hollow, unwashed window eyes at the grey house with the broad door-way; the inhabitants of the little street regard it with a certain pride, mingled with friendliness, and rejoice childishly over every shining carriage, that stops in its rapid career before No. 6, as well as over every common hackney-coach, that sets down its light contents there. At every hour of the day, graceful female forms trip over the threshold of the large, gloomy house, and the molistes of the Rue Chabannais, who so seductively display bonnets, caps, and ribbons in their show windows, may make toilette studies of consequence, by inspecting the different figures that pass so regardlessly by their tempting wares. There may be seen heavy silk dresses and simple black woollen gowns, handsome satin mantillas, and small light shawls, negligent and careful attire, open faces of slender German ladies, French features under coquettish hats, and English gipsy bonnets.

One might fancy that a wise gardener lived there, to whom all the flowers found their way, in order to be advised by him as to their tender lives, from the strong hot-house plant, down to the almost invisible field flower, that only asks for a drop of dew. Old and young men, whose figures and cheeks would scarcely remind one of spring, or flowers, enter hastily the mysterious No. 6; but how varied the aspect of those who come out again! Sometimes one sees a happy smile, and sparkling eyes; but most of the visitors seem overcome with anxiety, their foreheads wrinkled in thoughtfulness that only disappears as they pass from the Place Louvois into the shining, lively Rue Richelieu. "Perhaps a second Lenormand has established herself in the large house, revealing wonderful secrets to the curious, and pronouncing mysterious oracular decrees!" Ah, no; people only visit such an enchantress under the veil of twilight or the shade of night; never in broad day.

Now, shall I resolve the riddle of the grey house for you? Will you follow me up the broad stone steps? On this step has many a

light foot anxiously hesitated before advancing further; many a little hand has touched this balustrade tremblingly; and these white walls have echoed many a sigh. At last we have ascended these steps; let us take breath! before this closed door has many a young heart beaten audibly, believe me! for we stand before the dwelling of MANUEL GARCIA, the greatest singing master of our time. One of the charming fairies, (of whom, I will tell you confidentially, there are yet many, but who hide in flower cups from the tumult of the world), has lent me her airy veil for an hour; we will throw it over us, and thus, boldly and invisibly, penetrate into the apartments of the artist. Stepping across a little ante-room, we carefully open a folding door on the right, and enter a shaded room, comfortably and tastefully furnished. Two fine female busts attract our eyes; one bears the inscription Eugenia Garcia, the other the immortal name, Maria Malibran. Two well known portraits decorate the room; the pleasing, friendly face of Jenny Lind, and the grave features of Pauline Viardot.

Full, strong, and silvery sounds reach us from the adjoining cabinet; they allure us irresistibly; we must follow, softly open the folding doors, and stand within the true atelier of the artist. The long, floating, red silk curtains are half drawn, a rosy light envelopes every object; in the midst of the room stands a fine piano; arm chairs by the fire; a swelling divan at the side, strewn with notes; the handsome marble table loaded with books, note-books, portfolios, and paper of all kinds; music-desks in several places, and on the most elegant, beside the singer, is laid an open book of exercises: "the School of Garcia, the Art of Singing." A breath of poetry is wafted through the room.

Garcia sits at the piano; his pupil stands at a little distance from him. The Maestro is very tall, remarkably slender, and full of feverish vivacity. His face is thin and deathly pale; black, slightly curled hair falls round his high forehead. His eyes are dark, restless, sparkling and intelligent. Now he listens with anxious observation to the steady, swelling tone that streams from the lips of the singer; the next moment, he impatiently throws his head back; a brief word of warning or blame greets the scholar; at times, however, a smile, a witty remark, a graceful jest; but all intermingled with sudden up-springing from his chair, angry stamps of the foot, ugly frowns. How seldom a word of praise! But a warm commendation from the lips of such a master, is a sunbeam that opens the firmly closed buds of zeal and ambition at once. How carefully Garcia handles the precious treasure confided to him, the human voice! How softly he treats it, how anxiously he watches it, how tireless in his efforts to preserve that golden, shimmering enamel of youth, which is the greatest enchantment a voice can possess! It is not possible to lose this under Garcia's instruction; whatever may be, and has been said against him, such a reproach cannot touch a master, whose

method is so essentially natural. And how much he insists on rest during the lesson hours! Hear what he says to the scholar, who at this moment looks toward him so expectantly: "Freshness and spontaneity are the most precious qualities of the voice, but also the most fragile. The voice that loses these, never finds them again; the *timbre* is cracked beyond remedy. During the first days of study, pupils must exercise for five consecutive minutes only; studies thus measured may be renewed four or five times a day, but separated by long intervals. Afterwards, the time devoted to study may be increased five minutes each time, until it amounts to half an hour. At the end of five or six months, the number of half hours of exercise may be increased to four, but must never go beyond that; and it should always be well understood that they must be separated by long rests."

The singer recommences. Her reflection stands before her, in the large mirror that hangs behind the master's back; no movement of her own face can escape her: every elevation of the eyebrows, every light frown, every ugly movement of the mouth is visible to her. And no grimace passes unrebuked; for with constant observation, the penetrating eye of Garcia watches the features of the singer. But he does not recommend a stiff position of mouth and chin; he does not perplex the mind of his scholar with wordy, incomprehensible descriptions of the way head and lips should be held; he simply reiterates the teachings of the world-renowned old Italian singing masters, Tosi and Mancini: "Every singer should hold the mouth in the way he is habituated to do, when he smiles naturally; that is to say, in such a way, that the upper teeth are slightly and perpendicularly separated from the lower ones." Without criticizing the position of the body like a drill sergeant, Garcia says: "Take a firm position, stand quietly and exactly on both feet, removed from any support."

The lesson seems to be ended. The Maestro politely accompanies his scholar to the door, repeats, in a few short sentences, the instruction just received, gives advice as to home study, and with kind and encouraging words dissipates the timidity of the disheartened pupil. But behold! the scarcely closed door re-opens; a pale young man, accompanied by a wise looking old gentleman, steps in, bows in an awkward manner, and hands to Garcia, with a self-satisfied smile, several letters of recommendation, among which such names as those of Meyerbeer, Auber, Spontini, figure. He is a singer from the provinces; intoxicated by the praises of his boon companions, he has determined to devote himself to the theatre. His rich papa and still richer uncle accompany him to Paris; cousin Meyerbeer recommends him to Garcia, after sending him to Pontius-Auber or Pilate-Spontini. How carelessly Garcia throws the important letters aside, but how carefully he commences the trial of the young man's voice! The would-be artist has brought his favorite aria with him, his parade-piece; Verdi is the god he swears by as a composer!

The recitative commences; Garcia accompanies. The voice is weak yet sharp, already half broken; the attack unnatural, forced; a fearful effort is made use of to produce every tone; besides false intonation and unclear pronunciation. The Maestro grows impatient, his feet begin to

beat the time, which gradually accelerates, his slender hands move over the keys with feverish haste, his face alters with every tone; his eyes sparkle restlessly, he bites his lips; suddenly he springs up with a half-suppressed cry: "Enough, sir, enough, I beg of you!" He falls exhausted on a seat; a painful silence ensues. At last the master unfolds to the singer the grounds that occasion him to decline accepting him as a scholar, in spite of the recommendations of Spontini and Meyerbeer. His sincerity, and quick decision towards his offended visitor are striking; finally he advises him, if he does not credit his opinion, to seek another master, and dismisses the astonished and deluded worshipper of Verdi with the greatest politeness.

How many ladies he dismisses, who, full of pretension, crowd to him with half-ruined voices to beg from his hand a few flowers that may conceal their decay! How impatient he is of musical prejudice, want of talent, or laziness! His severity towards such qualities has earned a bad reputation for him; his impatience has drawn tears from many eyes; but his sense of justice is always the same. He never affects an interest, that is not felt, towards every scholar; and his sympathy is never awakened, save by remarkable gifts; he is pitiless in openly displaying the little interest he takes in scholars not possessed of talent. With one hand he negligently touches the accompanying chords, in the other he holds a book, out of which he diligently reads; without looking up, a monotonous "encore" at the end of a *solfege* is the only proof that the master's ear is yet awake. The more inflexible and unpolished a voice is, the more gratefully he undertakes its instruction. How joyfully he then gives himself up to his tiresome task; how tireless he proves himself, how carefully and understandingly he watches over the treasure confided to him! On the contrary, he is very unwilling to undertake any of the so-called "repairs" or "last finish"-es, yet freely grants them after the fashion of artists; but the singers, who with such views, enter the sacred work-shop of the Maestro, rarely experience much pleasure during an hour of instruction with Garcia.

I wish some other masters of singing, of whose infallibility their scholars are ready to take an oath, would pass a short time in the school of this fiery, yet discreet and enthusiastic, Art-inspired Spaniard! There they should try without prejudice Garcia's "Method" a method that is simply a clearer echo of the mode of teaching pursued by those renowned Italian masters, a method left as his richest legacy by old Garcia to his genial son, and which this son has so admirably laid down in his celebrated work, "the Art of Singing." Certainly some of these foreign birds would return home so altered as to be almost unrecognizable, twittering merrily, flapping their wings boldly, and would relate how in the little Rue Chabannais, No. 6, an ell-long, close-clinging pigtail may be lost quite painlessly.

But silence, silence! Already my charming protectress, softly warning me, moves the magic veil that covers us. Then let us listee to the soft command! let us not anger the kind fairy; let us leave this graceful chamber, though we sigh in doing so. "Dear Maestro Garcia, farewell! from our hearts we rejoice, that we listened to you! believe us, we shall often fly back to you, in spirit, without the aid of fairies, to look

on thankfully and wonderingly during your lessons. And the gold and silver sounds that your word of command allures from fresh young lips, will stream over our spirits and cradle us, the dew-drops of pearly roulades will refresh us, sweet dreams will entrance us, and render inaudible to our ears the imperfect, unresolved dissonances of every day life!"

Translated for this Journal.

### Mozart's Magic Flute.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from page 361.)

Let us see if there be not some way of discovering another meaning in this work; another cause, which may have created this miraculous score; in a word, a thought, which we can admit, without risk of slandering Schikaneder.

Mozart, when he undertook to compose the *Zauberflöte*, had but a few months to live. His strength was so enfeebled, that he had frequent fits of fainting while he wrote. And yet he works away incessantly upon this opera, which seems to have interested him very greatly, in spite of all there was about it that would have repelled another. During this time that fateful messenger, the man who ordered the *Requiem*, presents himself. For whom is this mysterious order? And the dread voice, which spoke so often to the predestined man, replied: for thyself! From that time forward the thought of poison, which he believed that he had taken, gained more and more possession of him, hastening his end.

Already very weak, with one foot in the grave, Mozart could no longer, as in former times, yield himself up to the storm of sensual inclination. He was no longer the Mozart of the *Don Giovanni*. On the other hand it is nothing strange, in youthful invalids, for the emotions of love to grow more intense while they grow purer; reaching a higher pitch of spirituality and poesy, with the increase of physical exhaustion. When this decline has gone so far, that the poor sufferer has little hope, then the love, which lacks the power of earthly gratification, fondly takes refuge in the realm of memory; it takes on the colors of that magical prism, through which we contemplate the past; it runs through one by one all the elegiac chords of the minor-tones of the soul; and when the unalterable order of the psychological modulation has finally brought back a major harmony, the love streams back to its source. It awakens mysterious images; it announces itself in inextinguishable presentiments; it becomes religion and religious poesy; the worship and the aspiration for the unknown Beautiful.

I think there is no one among my musical readers who will not feel, to what a degree the character of the finest scenes in the *Zauberflöte* harmonizes with the moral phenomena, whose origin and consequences I have recalled. But such analogies could not have made themselves apparent in a piece of theatrical music, had not the libretto afforded an occasion, or at least here and there a pretext, for it. Whether it did or not we will now proceed to examine.

In this medley of unconnected scenes, which the poet had invented just to occupy the eyes, there had crept in almost providentially some commonplaces of feeling, some of those lyrical thoughts, which in their abstraction or their uni-



versality suffice to lend to vocal music the coloring and expression that are most favorable for it. With these commonplaces a man of genius can always produce beautiful, true, expressive and even sublime songs; but for the great effects, on the contrary, which belong exclusively to dramatic music, such mere lyrical moments do not suffice, unless they are introduced and *motivated* by the progress of the drama, and are pushed to a certain degree of energy by means of the characters and situations.

Let us see, then, what kind of lyrical commonplaces we find scattered here and there in both acts of this opera. If we examine closely, we may assure ourselves that they are nearly all based on religious and elegiac feelings. Lament and reverie, a regret of the past and a mystical longing are expressed in them. A pure accident in this work of folly! we admit. But let us collect these scattered thoughts, and we shall see them, to our great surprise, all gather round a sort of symbolical focus, which will reflect back to us, trait for trait, the image of the man, who had to recognize himself therein. Even the text, flat as it is, seems to be almost always an allusion to the moral state of the composer:

Dies Bildniß ist bezaubernd schön.  
This portrait is enchanting fair.  
(Tenor Aria.)

One of the sweetest spots of refuge for a sick imagination is the remembrance of the days of youth, to which the text carried back our hero, those days when the yet virgin heart pursued an image, the type whereof the eyes have never seen, and of which the fancy alone in some of those inspired moments of clairvoyance had dreamed.

Zur Ziele führt Dich diese Bahn.  
This path conducts thee to the goal.  
(Finale of the first act.)

Mozart stood at the end of his career; he saw the goal before him; the grave, within a few steps, present; in the future an immortal glory.

Ja ich fühl's, es ist verschwunden.  
Yes, I feel that it hath vanished!  
(Aria of Pamina.)

Yes, I feel that it is all over with me! Is not this the mournful theme, out of which all the musician's thoughts at that time flowed, and into which they all ran back?

In other passages religious thoughts and feelings found for their outpouring texts of a truly Christian savor, such as one is justly astonished at in a libretto of this sort.

Sarastro invokes the protection of the gods for those who hover on the brink of death; then he continues:

Doch sollten sie zu Grabe gehen,  
So lohnt der Tugend kühnen Lauf;  
Nehmt sie in euren Wohnsitz auf!  
[But must they go down to the grave,  
Reward their virtuous brave career,  
And take them to your purer sphere!]  
(Invocation to Isis and Osiris.)

As Tamino is led before the mysterious gates, which open only once for the initiated, we hear: Wenn er des Todes Schrecken überwinden kann, Schwingt er sich aus der Erde himmelan. [If he victorious o'er Death's terrors rise, So shall he soar from earth up to the skies.]  
(Finale of second act.)

The power of harmony, which the Magic Flute represents, conducts the aspirants through the ways of darkness into which they have ventured:

Wir wandeln, durch des Tones Macht,  
Froh durch des Todes düstre Nacht.  
[We walk by Tone's controlling might

Rejoicingly through Death's dark night.]  
(Finale of second act.)

At the beginning of this same finale the Three Boys announce the dawn of a new day and the bliss of the initiated:

Dann ist die Erd' ein Himmelreich  
Und Sterbliche den Göttern gleich.  
[Then is the earth a heaven of love,  
And mortals like the gods above.]

Here Mozart, doubly inspired by texts so purely musical in themselves, and bearing such a wonderfully affinity to the state of his own soul, has shown himself entirely like himself. This is what speaks to us most eloquently at the present day, and, with a few other pieces favored by analogous texts, shines with immortal lustre in the score. The comic and the tragic features of the subject, that is to say the action, the drama itself, sunk more or less into the background, and we see in them to-day the weak parts of the work. One might say with truth, then, that this is the least dramatic of the operas of Mozart, since its most salient scenes are nearly all attached to moral situations, which may properly enough present themselves as episodes in a drama, but should not make up the whole work essentially. The drama requires action and acting passion. But what is the style of the greatest scenes of the *Zauberflöte*? It is that of the Oratorio, and sometimes even the high church style, in all the grandeur and severity of its old forms.

Here at length we find the thought which fructifies the poem, and has extorted such a wonderful harvest from the most unfruitful and apparently uncultivable soil. This thought, concealed essentially from everybody but Mozart, was evidently the initiation, not indeed into the mysteries of Isis or of free-masonry, but into the mysteries which every dying Christian beholds behind the half-opened gates of the grave; Sarastro and his priests are true priests in the score; and the magic instrument, the flute, is it not the very symbol of music's unspoken and intuitive revelation of objects beyond the grave, of revelations, whose weight Mozart surely must have felt better than any other?

Let us now endeavor, in the way of musical criticism, to establish what we have laid down in this sort of preface.

*Don Juan* and the *Zauberflöte* are the only operas of Mozart, which have an actual introduction. That of the last opera is a masterpiece of grace and elegance. As the curtain rolls up we hear an *allegro agitato* in the minor. Tamino appears pursued by the serpent. The anxiety lasts but a moment, and the musician has given us a proof of his taste in shortening a ludicrous spectacle, which makes claim to dignity. The three ladies come, to slay the monster, to sing *victoria!* and to dispute with one another which of them shall have the pleasure of awakening the fainting young man.

Wretched material, truly! an insipid text, about which Mozart did not trouble himself much, and out of which he has made a dainty yet a learned tattle, classical as to its forms of style, romantic and lightly fantastic in its color. It is a dispute about a plaything between little girls, kept up in an obstinately coquettish, roguish manner. This tattle, which these ladies utter half disputing with each other, and half aside, demanded the involved style, with imitations and answers of the subject, and the composer was not the man to let it lack these qualities. But

what particularly lends an ideal coloring full of magic to the terzets of the three ladies and to the Queen of Night is, the part which the contralto plays in them. Commonly this voice is the one least heard in the accord in pieces for several voices; but, since it is here the lowest, he has given it the characteristic movement of a fundamental part, sometimes in fact suppressing the bass in the orchestra, as well as other instruments of the male register, which usually strengthen it. The effect of this feminine bass, conducted with a learned and masculine boldness, is altogether magical. If the contralto has a fine sonorous quality, it gives you a peculiar feeling of the fairy-like character of the subject.

No. 4 is one of the loveliest and most wonderful tenor arias in existence. In the beginning, nothing decided, no figures and almost no accompaniment; an indeterminate rhythm. Scarcely has the orchestra given the key, E flat major, when the voice utters a long exclamation. *Dies Bildniß ist bezaubernd schön!* (This image is enchantingly beautiful!) One of those Ahs! which contains a whole history in itself, to speak in the jargon of our modern romanticists. Some speedily resolved doubts, about the nature of his feeling, cross the growing emotion of Tamino; melodic phrases alternate with declaimed ones, besides some instrumental answers: the key seems to waver, as if only waiting, until the matter be decided, to assume a more decided course. But when at length, through question after question about his own state of mind, the young man arrives at what for him and Mozart is the weightiest thing: *Were the original of this image here, what would I do!* then the conscious human *Me* is unfolded to its most secret depths; you see it in the elaboration of the answer (33d to 42d bar). Was ever the presentiment of first love, with all its fainting ecstasy, all the thrill and trembling of a virgin organization, reproduced with such psychological truth, such divine charm? Do you not feel the pulsation of the heart's minutest fibres in the accompaniment, and is there anything more happy than the general pause, which fills out the 43d measure? Tamino is at length clear in his own mind; the eyes of the image, growing more and more expressive, have solved for him the riddle, but his breath forsakes him when he finds it out. What if she were there? —O, where she now to come, Tamino knows what he would have to do. He would press her to his heart, and she should be forever his. *Bravissimo!* This brings love to its goal, and the musical progression is at an end, wonderfully concluding the lyrical moment and letting the composer rest. After the pause no doubt prevails, there are no more declamatory and inquiring phrases. It is all clear in the singer's soul; an unbounded yearning for possession seizes it; the melody flows on in steady stream. There is nothing like this aria, even in the repertoire of Mozart.

Following the order of the numbers which constitute the *enjoyment of the connoisseur*, we come to the quintet, which was begun and ended at the billiard table in Prague. Here again the poetical material is very small. They put a padlock upon Papageno's mouth; the three ladies hand to Tamino a flute, and to the bird-catcher a portable chime of bells; they point out to them the route they are to take to reach Sarastro's residence, and wish them in conclusion a prosperous journey. This text was not much more incon-

venient than the *impensata novità* of the sextet in *Don Giovanni*; it left playroom enough to the musician to set his own peculiar seal upon it. The quintet *Hm, hm, hm*—is very original, and of that graceful, romantically fanciful originality, which is peculiar to nearly all the scenes of this kind in our opera. Its easy, pleasing, almost popular melodies flow so naturally into one another, that one instantly recognizes in them the thoughts of the first intention; the figures of the accompaniment are full of grace, and the modulation, although kept unalterably within the limits of the conventional taste, is striking. Some syllabic sentences of the Allegro, the most agreeable in my opinion, have the movement and the piquant unrestraint of an instrumental Scherzo: *Sil-ber-glück-chen-Zau-ber-flöten*, &c. Everything is magical and marvellous in the Andante which concludes this exquisite quintet. A breath from invisible regions reaches us through the tones of the clarinets and fagottos in mysterious trichords, which succeed each other in a small harmonic distance, yet none the less in an unusual and striking manner, as respects the mingling of the chord of the sixth with the perfect chords, and of the major with the minor. This *ritornel*, a prelude of the vocal song and identical with it, shows us beforehand the airy guides, who are to conduct Tamino and Papageno into the land of mysteries. *Drei Knäbchen* (Three Boys) &c.

(To be Continued.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

### The Diarist Abroad.

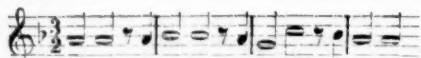
VIENNA, OCT. 23. — Liszt's Mass for men's voices in the church of the Augustines. With every new work of that man, which I hear, my wonder increases that there can be a "Liszt party" in the musical world. Yes, when such combinations and successions of tones become the favorite music of the world, no doubt the five giants (Handel to Beethoven) will be forgotten!

OCT. 30. — Concert of the "Enterpe" in the *Theater an der Wien* in aid of the funds for the Schiller Festival. Overture, *Semiramis*, Catell. Very well done — not merely for amateurs.

Concerto for four violins, by Louis Maurer — exceedingly interesting — just such a piece as would create an enthusiasm in Boston or New York — if you can get the performers.

A chorus for female voices by Rossini, by the members and pupils of the very excellent "Institute for the Study of Singing." It is a beautiful piece, from Rossini's *Chorus religious*, and with the true Rossini-religious (?) feeling in it, and was sung to perfection. How it would have taken in Boston! A repetition was demanded here.

Then Rosa Suck, of Pesth, a pretty, dark-eyed girl of some 17 years, played that heart-touching air of Handel:



with orchestra, upon the violoncello. She has not the force of a man, of course, but her execution is fine and she sang the lovely music exquisitely.

Symphony in C with the Fugue, Mozart. How glorious!

A piece of virtuosoism, "*Souvenir de Spa*," by Servais, played by Rosa Suck, with orchestra, and the *Hallelujah* from the *Messiah* — which had no effect — closed the concert.

Nov. 4. To the Carl Theater — three pieces — one of which was the "Betrothed by the Lanterns" — music by Offenbach — the same which I heard in Breslau, and which so much pleased me — music so natural and healthy — no attempts at grand effects

—simple, sweet, and very beautiful. Thank God! here is somebody once more who will write music, and not try to interpret Kant's philosophy by orchestral combinations, with voices hardly *obligati*.

Nov. 8. A really grand concert in the "Redouten Saal," the great hall for balls in a wing of the immense imperial palace. Two of the works given are to me among the very highest which exist in the art, the Festival overture, op. 124, composed by Beethoven for the opening of the Josephstadt Theater in Vienna, and the Ninth Symphony. The performers were the entire body of instrumentists and singers of the Opera.

The overture is a work which "tries men's" powers as players, but elevates and carries into higher spheres "men's souls" as hearers. It is music to be played not at the opening of a small theatre, but of some vast temple of Art. It is not a painting of character or of a dramatic action in tones, but the expression of the whole, lofty, festival gladness of a multitude of cultivated and enlightened men. So at least I felt it. It gave me the clearest perception of the meaning of the sacred metaphor, "borne as upon the wings of angels." It captivated, entranced me, stirred up the deepest fountains of feeling. So I thought until the symphony came, and then I found there was a lower depth!

It is surprising how popular — I mean here popular in the ordinary sense of the term — this mighty work is becoming in Germany. Nothing but the great difficulty of obtaining the needful singers, and an orchestra adequate to it prevents its frequent performance. People go to it, as in Boston to Handel's "Messiah," because they love it, as I found to my cost a few days later, when I applied on Monday for a ticket in any part of the opera house to hear it again on Tuesday, and none could be obtained, from pit to highest gallery. So in Berlin people offered six, seven, eight times the original cost for tickets in vain, and in divers instances, forged ones put money in rascals' purses.

But such a performance as that in the Redouten Saal! The solo singers of the opera not engaged in the solo parts sang in the chorus; and such heartiness, amounting to enthusiasm, I have seldom witnessed. If the overture had impressed me so at the opening of the concert — what can I say of the feelings excited by the symphony!

At dinner met — Leopold von Meyer! the same Leopold de Meyer, whom our caricaturists gave the broad bands with multitudinous fingers, in other days — not a bit changed, save a little older in look. He chatted pleasantly over his American tour, but said nothing of his certificates as to the excellence of American pianofortes!

Nov. 13. Concert of the Sing Akademie, mostly of ancient music, such as I have so often in old volumes of the Journal of Music spoken of as forming the staple of the Dom Chor Concerts in Berlin. I noticed that the mixed choir of mens' and womens' voices gave a very different effect to the music. Whether a better? Whether the old Italian or German music should not be sung by choirs with boys to produce the effects in the authors' minds? Whether this music does not lose by being sung with women for sopranos and altos, as Handel's choruses would with boys instead of women?

No matter; it was good and enjoyable.

Nov. 21. Rosa Suck's concert, a trio for 'cello, violin and pianoforte, all female performers. And in the last piece, a phisharmonica or, as called in America, harmonium, was added, played by a fourth. A pretty sight, and not bad music. Fraulein Rosa seems rather to have studied execution on her violoncello, than largeness of tone. The critics all speak highly of her. I am no judge of virtuosoism, at all events, not willing to commit myself. Still, many a poorer player has been at home "rapturously applauded" — what would the applauders say to see

this pretty, dark-eyed girl of seventeen, handling the 'cello like a mistress?

Nov. 25. Met the pianist Droyschok at a friend's this evening. He gave us a small specimen of his astonishing execution. He has given me no opportunity to hear him in his public performances.

Dec. 16. *Fidelio*. House crowded. Czillag sang. Nothing fills the house like it; thank God! But, you know, Beethoven could not write for the voice; and the Vienna and Berlin people must be all wrong in making so much of the work! Benighted souls!

A. W. T.

### The Opera Of Der Freischuetz.

BY CHARLES G. LELAND.

*Freischutze*, frî-shut'-zai, m (n; pl-n) free archer; one who uses charmed bullets. — *Oelschläger's Pronouncing Dictionary*, p. 150.

*Air*—THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE.

Wie geht's, my frens—it yon 'll allow  
I sings you right afay shoost now  
Some dreifal adories vitch dey calls  
DER FREISCHUTZ; or, de Magic Balls.

Wohl in Bohemian land it coomes,  
Where folks drinks prandy mad of ploods;  
Dere lifed ein Yager—Caspar Schmit,  
Who shot mit goons und nefer hit.

Und dere vos one old Yager who  
Says, "Caspar, dis will never do;  
If yon should miss on trial day,  
Dere 'll be de tyfel den to pay.

"If you do miss, yon shupid goose,  
Dere 'll be de donnerwetter loose;  
For yon shan't have my taugter's hand,  
Nor pe de Herzog's yagersmann."

It coomed before the day vas set,  
Dat all de chaps togeder met,  
Und Caspar fired his bix and missed,  
Und all de gals cot round and hissed.

Dey laughed before, and hissed behind,  
Put one chap (Max) says, "Never mind!  
I dells you what—you stuns 'em alls,  
If yoost you shoot mit magic palls."

"De magic palls—oh, vot is dat?"  
"I got dem in mine hoonting hat;  
De 're plack as kohl, and shoot so true—  
Oh, dem's de sort of palls for you.

"You see dat eagle flyin' high,  
Ein hoondred miles up in de sky?  
Shoot at dat eagle mit your bix,  
You kills him dead as doonderblix."

"I ton't peller de dings yon say."  
"You fool," says Max; "den plaze afay!"  
He plazed afay, ven sare as blood,  
Down coom the eagle in the mud.

"Oh, was ist das?" said Caspar Schmit.  
"Fy—dat's the eagle fat you hit;  
You kills um when you plaze afay;  
Bot dat's a ding yon nix verstay."

"Und yon moost go to make dem balls  
To de Wolf's Glen, ven mitnight falls;  
Dow know'st de spot?—alone and late—"  
"Oh, yaw—I knows him ganz foost rate."

"But, den, I does not likes to go  
Among dem dings." Says Max, "ach sho!  
I'll help you fix dem tyfel chaps  
Like a goot fellow—take some schnapps!

("Hilf Samiel! hilf!) here trink some more!"  
Den Max vent stomping roundt de floor,  
Und comed his boomboogs ofter Schmit,  
Till Casp said "Nun—ich gehe mit!"

All in de finster mitter nocht,  
When oder folks in shleep vas locked,  
Down in de *Wolfschlucht* Max did try  
His tyfel-strikes and hexerei.

Mit skools und pones he made a ring;  
De howls and spooks begin to sing;  
Und all de tyfels under ground  
Coom breaking loose, and rushing round.

# THE MAY QUEEN!

33

*Dim.*

May-day, Ne-ver, ne-ver such a Queen!

May-day, Ne-ver, ne-ver such a Queen!

May-day, Ne-ver, ne-ver such a Queen!

May-day, Ne-ver, ne-ver such a Queen!

*tr tr tr tr*

*Dim. Cres. f f*

*Cres.*

## SOLO. THE MAY-QUEEN.

With the ea-rol in the tree... And the bloom-ing on the lea, And the

*f pp*

ri-ot of the bee... Is my mer-ry reign be-gun: And my peo-ple, one and

*pp*

all.... Shall keep re-vel at my call... Till my fa-ded gar-land fall.. At the



## THE MAY QUEEN.

set - ting of the sun. And my peo - ple, one and all... Shall keep

*Cres.*

re - vel at the call, Till my fa - ded garland fall At the set - ting of the

*Dim.* *p* *sf* *p*

**CHORUS.**

sun. Was... nev - er such a May - day, Ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen!

*f* *Dim.* *p*

Was nev - er such a May - day, Ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen!

*f* *Dim.* *p*

Was nev - er such a May - day, Ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen!

*f* *Dim.* *p*

Was... nev - er such a May - day, Ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen!

**SOLO. THE MAY-QUEEN.**

I have wel - come and re - lief,.... For the

*tr* *tr* *tr* *tr* *p* *pp e delicato.*

# THE MAY QUEEN.

35

lo - ver full of grief, How-so - e'er the winged thief... In a snare his heart should bind; For the

*pp*

*Espress.*

A - pril is a - way With the tears of eve - ry day, And be - neath the moon of May. E - ven

*pp*

And be - neath the moon of May... E - ven cru - el maids are kind. *tr* *tr* *sf* *p*

*SOLO.* *p*

kind. Be - neath,.... be - neath.... the moon of

*CHORUS.* *Dim.*

Was ne - ver such a May-day, Ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen! a Queen! Was

Was ne - ver such a May-day, Ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen! a Queen! Was

Was ne - ver such a May-day, Ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen! a Queen! Was

Was ne - ver such a May-day, Ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen! a Queen! Was

Was ne - ver such a May-day, Ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen! a Queen! Was

*f* *Dim.* *Cres.*

## THE MAY QUEEN.

May, the moon of May,..... Beneath the moon of May, E - ven cru - el maids are kind,  
*ad lib. a tempo.*

ne - ver such a Queen!

ne - ver such a Queen!

ne - ver such a Queen!

*ad lib. a tempo.*

*Cres. f ad lib. p Ritard. Cres.*

*Cadenza.*

cru - el maids.. are kind.

*f a tempo.*

Was ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen!

Was ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen!

Was ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen!

Was ne - ver, ne - ver such a Queen!

*Cres. f a tempo.*



Den Caspar comes along—says he :  
 "Mein Got! what dings is dis I see?  
 I dinks de fery tyfel und all  
 Moost help to make dem magic pall:

"I vish dat I had nix cumraus,  
 Und staid mineself in ped zu house."  
 "Hilf Zamiel!" cried Max, "you whelp!  
 You red Dootch tyfel—coom und help!"

Den up dere coomed a tredfull shtorm—  
 De todtengrips aroundt did schwarm;  
 De howl jumped oop und flap his vings,  
 Und toorned his het like avery dings.

Oop troo de groundt dere coomed a pot,  
 Mit leadt und dings to make de shot;  
 Und hoellish fire in crimson plaze,  
 Und awful schmells like Schweizer kaese.

Across de scene a pine-shtick flew,  
 Mit several jail-pirds fastent to go;  
 Six treadful jail-pirds, mit deir vings  
 Tied to the shticks mit magic shtrings.

All troo de air—all in a row  
*Die wilde Jagd* was seen to go;  
 De hounls und deer all made a pone,  
 Und hooned by a skilleton.

Dere coomed a dreiful shpectre pig,  
 Who sphtten fire afay did dig;  
 Und fiery drocks und tyfel-snake  
 A scootin' troo die air did preak.

But Max he tidn't mind dem alls,  
 Bot casted out de pullet palls;  
 Six was to go as dey wouldt like,  
 De sevent for de tyfel moost strike.

At last oopon de trial day  
 De gals comes round so nice and gay;  
 Und den dey goos und makes a dantz,  
 Und singed apout de *Jungfernkranz*.

Und den der Hertzhog—dat's de Duke—  
 Comes down, und dinks he'll take a look;  
 "Young mans," to Caspar, den says he,  
 "Joost shoot dem dove upon dat tree!"

Den Caspar pointed mit de bix;  
 "Potzblitz!" says he, "dat dove I'll fix!"  
 He fired his rifle at de *taub*,  
 When Max rolled over in de *staub*.

De pride she falled too in de dust;  
 De gals dey cried—de men dey cussed.  
 De Hertzhog says, "It's fery clear  
 Dat dere has been some tyfels here,

"Und Max has shot mit tyfels' *blei*,  
*Pfui!*—*die verfluchte Hexerei!*  
*Oh, Maximilian.* *Oh, du*  
*Gest nit mit rechten Dingen zu."*

But den a hermits coomed in lzte;  
 Says he, "I'll fix dese dings foost rate;"  
 Und tellt de Hertzhog dat young men  
 Will raise de tyfel now und denn.

De Duke forfiged de Caspar dann,  
 Und made of him *ein* Yagersmann,  
 What shoots mit bixen gun und pfeil,  
 Und talks apout de Waidmannsheil.

Und den de pride she coomed to life,  
 Und cot to pe de Caspar's wife;  
 Den all de peoples cried Hoorah!  
 Das ist recht brav! und hopsasa!

## NOTES.

*Tyfel*—*Teufel*—An evil spirit.  
*Donnerwetter*—Thunder-weather, and a grand smash, generally speaking.  
*Herzog*—Duke.  
*Yagersmann*, or *Jaeger*—A hunter.  
*Bix*—*Bucche*—A rifle.  
*Kohl*—Coal.  
*"Oh! was ist das?"*—What is that?  
*"Nix verstay"*—Unintelligible (both to Germans and English).  
*Schnapps*—Schnapps. Very appropriate in the *Wolf's Schlucht*, or *Wolf's ravine*.  
*"Hilf Zamiel!"*—Invocation to an evil spirit.  
*"Ich gehe mit"*—I will go with you.  
*Mitternacht*—*Mitternacht*—Midnight.  
*Hexerei*—Witchcraft.  
*Spooks*—*Spuk*—Ghosts.  
*Nix cum'raus*—*Nix erout*—Not come out.—No go.  
*Todtengrippe*—Skeletton.  
*Schweitzer Kaese*—Swiss cheese.  
*Die Wilde Jagd*—The wild hunt.  
*Fiery Drocks*—*Drachen*—Fire-drakes. Fire-dragons.  
*Jungfernkranz*—Bridal wreath.  
*Taub*—Dove.  
*Staub*—Dust.

*Elei*—Lead.  
*Oh, Maximilian*, etc. etc.—"Oh, Maximilian, you have employed improper means," i. e., sorcery.  
*Pfeil*—Arrow.  
*Waidmannsheil*—Salutation of German hunters.  
*Das ist recht brav*—That is first-rate.

## Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 11.—Since the departure of the *soi-disant* French Opera Comique troupe, which, by the way, humbugged our *dilettanti* egregiously, a perfect musical dearth has reigned in our borders; in truth, we have been consigned to the "horrid vulgarity" of Ethiopian and Horse Opera, until the advent of the DRAYTONS. These admirable artists have been delighting large audiences, during the past two weeks, with their charming and unique operetta entertainments, which have proved, to our straight-laced non-opera goers, a decided desideratum.

Mr. Drayton is the happy possessor of a noble voice, good style, a splendid figure, (not at all unimportant) and talents, both vocal and dramatic, of such a superior order, as must place him, with proper study, in the front rank of *buffo* singers on the Italian stage. But inasmuch as artistic excellence is generally measured by a pecuniary standard, his success may be regarded as certain. As an actress, Mrs. Drayton is sprightly and versatile; her voice, however, lacks power, and perhaps in quality is not altogether agreeable, yet her execution and method evince careful and judicious training.

Our sacred Music Societies are in full blast. The "Harmonia" gave the first half of Haydn's *Seasons* last month; the balance is to be performed early in March. The Handel and Haydn Society is now engaged in rehearsing Handel's oratorio, *Judas Maccabaeus*, which will be produced in a short time. Mr. CARL HOHNSTOCK gave his third classical soirée, of the series, on Thursday evening, the 9th inst., in the Foyer of the Academy of Music. He was assisted by Messrs. WOLFSOHN, ALLEN, HASSLER, MUELLER, and SCHMITZ, all resident musicians. The subjoined is the programme:

## PART I.

Quintour: String-Instruments, op. 29.....Beethoven.

## PART II.

1. Solo: Piano.....Chopin.

a) *Berceuse*, op. 57 (Cradle Song).

b) *Polonaise*, op. 53.

2. Solo: Violin.....Ernst.

*Elégie*.

## PART III.

Trio: Piano, Violin, Violoncello, op. 68....Mendelssohn.

The second movement, *Adagio molto espressivo*, was particularly fine and deserves especial mention. A slight lack of unity among the violins was noticeable in the *Finale Presto*.

Mr. Wolfsohn played from note, two piano pieces by Chopin. To interpret this genial tone-poet understandingly, requires the most delicate sentiment, thorough appreciation of the work, and elasticity of touch; in all of which Mr. Wolfsohn may be pronounced wanting. He played the *Polonaise*, in A flat, op. 53, in a most disjointed and flurried manner, occasionally making an epileptic onslaught on the piano, truly fearful; thus giving his hearers a realizing sense of the relative strength of iron, wood, and muscle. Only in concerted music does he display his talent as a pianist, and his fine performance in the trio of Mendelssohn attests the truth of this assertion. Mr. Hohnstock played the *Elégie* by Ernst, for violin, with his usual unquestioned taste and fine style; he is every inch an artist. It was heartily applauded and deservedly encored. Mendelssohn's Trio, for piano, violin and violoncello, was finely played and warmly received. The audience was extremely large and appreciative, and as such, encourages the hope, that the time is not far distant, when classical music will not be altogether "caviare to the general."

M.

NEW YORK, FEB. 13.—The opera has returned, and we have now Miss PATTI as the acknowledged prima donna of the troupe instead of the charming little experiment she was when she left us. Her success in Boston has had its effect here, and nobody now disputes her high rank in her profession. She opened the season last Monday with *I Puritani*, in which she pleased the public. Then she sang the delicious music of Rosina, the other parts in the "Barber" being taken by the same singers by whom it was so recently produced in Boston. It was a decided success. The opera has never been popular here, but with the present cast will become so. The *Freischütz* was a moderate success, the scenery being excellent and the singing fair. STIGELLI is improving in public favor every time he sings. The operas announced for this work are the *Barber* and *Sonnambula*, with Patti; *Freischütz* with COLSON; and *Saffo* with GAZZANIGA, who appears to have got over her quarrel with the management. It is said that Miss Patti has also learned the music of *Martha*, and will appear in that part before the end of the season, singing the interpolated ballad, "Last Rose of Summer," in English. It is also said that MABETZKE is coming back to New York soon with CORTESI, and the new tenor MUSIANT, and among the operas they will produce will be Donizetti's charming work, *Genina di Vergy*.

In the city there is not much else to chronicle in the musical way. The Philharmonic concert on Saturday was a fine success. Colson was announced to sing, but being sick, her place was supplied by Stigelli. TROVATOR.

NEW YORK, FEB. 14.—The third PHILHARMONIC Concert last Saturday was a great success. Mendelssohn's Fourth Symphony in A, made the beginning, and was played, as were all the orchestral pieces, with a great deal of spirit. The beautiful Andante, that quaint, singable old "Volkslied" set upon that splendid base, was deservedly encored. Schumann's Overture to *Mendford*, and a Festival Overture by Lachner, the latter rather insignificant, but with pleasing melodies, made up the remainder of the orchestra's share. Mr. MILLS played, as faultlessly as ever, the G minor Concerto of Moscheles, not a very interesting piece, and a Fantasia of Chopin, which needs to be heard more than once to be appreciated and understood. When encored after the last piece, he played some brilliant Variations on what was said to be a Welsh air. Madame COLSON was the vocalist announced for the evening, but she was pronounced too much indisposed to appear. Any indignation on the part of the public was averted and, indeed, great satisfaction created, by the simultaneous announcement that STIGELLI would take her place. The audience thus had the unexpected pleasure of hearing Beethoven's *Adelaide* most exquisitely sung, as also, in answer to an encore, Schubert's lovely "Faded Flowers." When called back after his second number, "The Tear," by himself, the artist gave an English Song, which was not quite so satisfactory. None but a true artist could have sung this variety of songs as Mr. Stigelli did, the first two were indeed perfection. —t—

P. S. I continue my abstract of Mr. SCHLOTTER's lectures. He referred to Haydn, who formed the last step between Gluck and Mozart. In a hasty sketch of his life the lecturer mentioned that he was born in 1732, the oldest of twenty children, and in the childlike simplicity of his life much resembled Bach. In his eighteenth year he composed his first Quartet and first Opera, and a few years later his first Symphony. He died in 1809, leaving a multitude of works to perpetuate his name. He composed one hundred and nineteen Symphonies, eighty-three Quartets, twenty-four Trios, ninety-four Operas, five Oratorios, sixteen Masses, one hundred and twenty-

five pieces for Baritone, an instrument much in use at that time, and forty-four Sonatas for the piano. He may be called the inventor of the Symphony, and made immense improvements in instrumentation and musical period.

Haydn, as well as all his predecessors, prepared the way for Mozart. In him all the characteristics of Italy, France, and Germany, each of which had gone its own way, were at last united. His biography is so well known that it is only necessary to mention here that he was born in 1756, at Salzburg, and died 1791. His first work was a Piano Forte Concerto, composed at seven years of age.—The lecture closed with a mere mention of Beethoven, who raised instrumental music to the highest point, Mr. Schlotter reserving a more particular reference to him for a future occasion. The musical examples, produced at this lecture, were Luther's Choral, "Ein feste Burg," the Andante from a Quintet of Mozart, arranged for Piano and Violin, and Bach's first Prelude. The latter, however, was not given correctly, as Mr. Schlotter performed Gounod's Meditation upon it, in which a melody for the violin is set upon the Prelude as an accompaniment. If Mr. Schlotter thought that this would suit the ears of his audience better than the mere Prelude, he ought at least to have mentioned the innovation. The Violin was ably sustained by Mr. Matzka.

## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 18, 1860.

### Dehn's Counterpoint.

The name BERNHARD KLEIN is probably wholly unknown to most if not all the readers of the "Journal of Music"; and yet of all the masters of this century, excepting Beethoven, in original powers of mind, grandeur of conception, dramatic truth, profundity of contrapuntal learning and evidences of fancy, he very probably stood first. He was born at Cologne in 1794—was therefore a few years younger than Meyerbeer, and some fifteen years older than Mendelssohn—and died at Berlin, Sept. 9, 1832, still a comparatively young man. At the age of twenty-five, having then been for some time at the head of the music in the Cologne Cathedral, his repeated proofs of his great talents caused him to be called by the Ministry to Berlin at the expense of the Government, that he might there have further opportunity of musical culture, and particularly that he might, as music teacher, make himself familiar with the system of Zelter, then in the height of his fame and reputation. He came well studied in the old Italian school—having passed some time at Heidelberg, where the great musical library of the renowned professor of law, Thibaut, had been fully at his disposal—and thoroughly conversant with the best music of the Catholic church.

Reilstab, who knew him well, says: "Zelter, feeling his own reputation, and used to seeing himself surrounded only by mere beginners, had looked upon Bernhard Klein only as a talented pupil, who would look up to him with awe, and whom he might lead and instruct at will. Under the influence of these feelings he had seen fit to favor the young man and take him as a pupil. As it very soon however appeared that Klein was fully conscious of his powers and the extent of his knowledge, and as upon closer acquaintance the young man from the province ceased to be awed by the wisdom and creative powers of the famous and experienced man of the capital—which had at first the natural effect upon the scholar—and as it finally became evident that

Klein did not view Zelter's instructions as facts to be taken without question, but as principles to be examined and proved by him—then Zelter's feelings changed at once; for he was one who could not bear a rival, much less a conqueror. We have heard him not seldom speak very slightly of a man, who as was soon proved, not only far surpassed him in genius but in knowledge."

Klein however was independent and talented enough to make his way in spite of the old man; and the Ministry formed so high an opinion of his abilities as to appoint him Music-director and teacher in the University. In the organ-school founded about that time he was also made instructor in Thorough Bass and Counterpoint. This must have been before he was thirty years old.

But this is not the place to speak of his works, nor of his *Kreissler* nature, which like an active volcano burns itself out and is at rest—not to awaken again, unhappily, like a Vesuvius or *Ætna*—but once extinguished, extinguished forever! So Klein at the age of thirty-eight sank into the grave, leaving works which exhibit his mighty powers, but which are not of the fashion of the day, and hardly known out of a small circle in Berlin.

As a contrapuntist he was unrivalled in his generation. His knowledge of the greatest masters increased by a visit to Italy for the purpose of studying in the libraries there, was most profound.

All the results of study, observation, reading, and his own efforts as a composer were brought to bear, in his course of harmonic and contrapuntal instruction. He was one of the few men of whom the late Prof. DEHN used to speak with real enthusiasm, as does the great organist and contrapuntist, HAUPT, of Berlin, still. They were both pupils of Klein, and in them his system has been and is still kept alive. Klein seems to have been of a procrastinating habit, and hence never completed a work upon the science of music, which he contemplated, and for which he had made studies. The failure of his health, and, as it appears, straightened circumstances hindered the completion of this as of other works. His ideas have not been lost happily, the work known as Dehn's *Harmonie Lehren* being, as is fully explained in its preface, prepared from manuscripts of Klein himself, or from those of his pupils. It is not a large work, but the most interesting, the clearest and most practical, within our knowledge.

As with Klein's Harmony, so has it proved with Dehn's Counterpoint. Dehn was too much occupied with his labors as librarian, and in earning the means of support for his family by teaching, to have found time to complete a labor which had for many years occupied his thoughts, and which he was only waiting for leisure to bring to perfection. But Death came suddenly and called him away. Bernhard Scholz, of Mayence, now assistant kapellmeister (if our memory serves) at Hanover, was in 1854–5–6 a pupil of Dehn—and in fact a distinguished one, both as a young composer of genius and as a deeply studied musician. The manuscripts of the late professor, so far as they belong to his projected work upon Counterpoint, were placed in Scholz's hands, and have now appeared from the press of Schneider in Berlin, forming an 8vo. volume of one hundred and eighty-two pages, with seventy-eight pages of music.

(To be Continued.)

### Concerts.

THIRD PHILHARMONIC.—The magical attraction of Beethoven and Mozart, with novelties (not too much of them) to excite curiosity, proved its power last Saturday evening; and Mr. ZERRAHN had the satisfaction of seeing the Music Hall worthily filled, or nearly so, by at least two thousand people, who found this programme irresistible:

1. Symphony C minor. [No. 5]..... Beethoven.
2. Capriccio for the Piano-forte, with Orchestral accompaniment..... W. S. Bennett.  
Mr. Lang.
3. Overture: "Uriel Acosta"..... Schindeldeisser.  
(First time in Boston.)
4. Overture: "Le Pardon de Ploirmel"..... Meyerbeer.  
(First time in this country.)
5. Choral Fantasia, for Piano-forte, Chorus and Orchestra.  
Mr. Lang. Beethoven.
6. Finale [1st Act] from "Don Giovanni"..... Mozart.

Verily the old C minor Symphony, heard as it has been here more times and by more people than any other, is still the work which lives in most minds as the grandest type of the whole power and genius of instrumental music. There are hundreds to whom the word Orchestra means Fifth Symphony. It is a splendid experience in itself to witness its effect upon an audience. It is the prime favorite among Symphonies; positively popular, sure to interest, to quicken and to elevate. It cannot fail, if played well; nor can it get laid on the shelf for any great length of time, like a good thing too well known to excite an appetite. The wonder of it is that this work, being in the most elaborate and transcendental style of classical, artistic music, one of the highest works of genius, makes itself nevertheless so clearly understood, so deeply felt and realized, even in mixed audiences. Of course some preparation must be presupposed. This Symphony has been heard many times by most of us, so that, inasmuch as it was worthy, it could not fail to win our love. And this proves, despite all that is said about light and popular programmes, how vital and how certain the relation of all inspired products of high Art to the inmost sympathies and consciousness of all men. We do believe that the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven exerts more influence, more charm here in Boston than any other work of music or of any other form of Art. (Of course the reason resides greatly in the psychological and moral meaning of the work, which has been again and again sufficiently pointed out,—different interpretations wonderfully agreeing in the main tendency, and converging to one key-note.) The same experience, we do not doubt, would follow with regard to the Ninth Symphony, could it be heard as many times and played as well. We are induced to think this even greater than the Fifth; while we admire the Seventh quite as much. Let Mr. Zerrahn only give us all the chances he can to compare them; we care not how long the question of priority remains unsettled.

We have only to add that this time the Symphony was remarkably successful in the performance. Mr. Zerrahn's orchestra of forty are not, to be sure, capable of all the breadth and grandeur of a New York Philharmonic orchestra of eighty; but they were all effective, true, and animated with the right spirit, and they made Beethoven felt; not for nothing did he seem to stand there in heroic bronze right over them!

Bennett is the best of English composers, and unconsciously reflects Mendelssohn. There is a certain lack of all-aliveness in his music; an elegant, artistic indolence of nature. He can do nothing that is not tasteful and refined; he is learned and musician-like to an eminent degree; but very positive and quickening vitality is wanting. We do not call him an imitator. The Capriccio, which Mr. Lang played, and played so well, is of this character; graceful, fluent, florid, pervaded by a shadowy beauty; much finer as heard now with orchestra, than last year with quartet accompaniment, but still not greatly impressive; a delicate leaf from the album of an artistic quietist.



Schindelmeisser was a new name to us. Uriel Acosta, the hero of Gutzkow's tragedy, was a Portuguese Jewish philosopher and dissenter, who underwent persecutions and anathema. Of the overture a synopsis in the programme informed us:

At the very beginning of the overture, in the *allegro* movement, the repeatedly interwoven call of the rams' horns, which are always sounded at high and solemn Hebrew rites, indicate the ceremony of pronouncing the anathema, and also the subsequent recantation before the tribunal of the Rabbi. This *allegro* is followed by an *andante maestoso* for wind instruments, pronouncing a sort of religious chorale, which is repeated by the stringed instruments *con sordini*. An *allegro vivace* which follows seems descriptive of the struggle in Uriel's heart, when against his solemn conviction, he is forced to recant and recall what he has written. The close is similar to the beginning; the sound of the horns seem to indicate that fanaticism and persecution have triumphed, and that the lives of two noble beings have been sacrificed at the altar of bigotry.

The "rams' horns" sounded rather uncouth, but the overture is interesting, and worked up with a good deal of power in the last part. The *Andante* for wind instruments is quite imposing. The whole work really seems kindled from a central heat and takes hold of the feelings; but it is absurd to name it in the same breath, as some have done, with the *Freischütz*; we felt no such presence of the romantic imaginative element.

The other novelty was the *Pardon de Ploërmel* overture. We have already given descriptions of the entire opera. It seems as if Meyerbeer, still goaded by the nightmare feeling of the necessity of inventing new effects to take the place of genius, had this time hit upon the not very economical one of giving you almost an opera before the rising of the curtain. His overture pauses repeatedly to let snatches of an unseen chorus, a Catholic peasant chant, be heard. These were beautiful and touching in themselves, and sung with good effect by members of the Handel and Haydn Society. The orchestral parts are full of ingeniously novel and sometimes pleasing effects; there are the bird choirs in the woods at day-break (scene in Brittany), a grand storm, and so forth, with chorus to the Virgin in the lulls as aforesaid, and all worked up as this master knows how. Once the orchestra seemed to enter on an unrelated key, after one of those vocal parentheses; but in the main it was well played, and excited much applause.

The "Choral Fantasia," (Beethoven's eightieth work, composed and played by him in Vienna, Dec. 22, 1808, when he was thirty-eight years old, and sixteen years before the Choral Symphony), made a most delightful impression; and the choral portion, finely given by the Handel and Haydn, had to be repeated. There is all-aliveness enough in this work; it tingles throughout with most rare and delicate vitality. The piano preludes as if at random in a happy and creative mood; the orchestra expands the thought, and all grows on towards distinct human utterance, hinting by fragments the tune that will be sung; strange expectation is excited by the quick underbreath monologue of the basses, and then the song (in praise of Harmony), as beautiful as it is exceedingly simple, and very like that in the Choral Symphony, flows in soft delicious harmonies, and swells to great Beethoven climaxes, still proclaiming Joy as the great word of life. Mr. LANG acquitted himself of his difficult and delicate task at the piano most successfully; he had remarkable ease and skill of execution already; he has gained greatly in artistic feeling and fine appreciation of his composer.

The intoxicating *Don Giovanni* music,—that wonderful succession of little scenes, including the minuet, the trio, and ending with the ball scene—brought to a fine close this decidedly best concert of the season.

**MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.** A very large audience were drawn together Tuesday evening by the double attraction of a splendid programme and of the new Hall in Bumstead Place. All seemed charmed with the aspect of the place, which lent a cheerful, social feeling to the company. We believe the Hall quite realized to every one the description of it which we copied in our last. To the eye, at least, all harmonized with the true music-hearing mood. The pieces performed were these:

1. Quintette, No. 2, in C, op. 29. . . . . Beethoven. Moderato—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale, Presto.
2. Air from the opera of Nina: "Il mio ben quando torra." Mrs. J. H. Long. . . . . Paisiello.
3. Piano Trio, in E flat, op. 70, No. 2. . . . . Beethoven. Introduction and Allegro non troppo—Allegretto—Allegretto non troppo—Finale, Allegro non troppo. Messrs. Leonhard, Meisel and Fries.

4. Aria from Orpheus: "Che farò senza Eurydice." Gluck. Mrs. J. H. Long.
5. Fantasia and Variations for Piano, op. 1. . . . . Saran. Hugo Leonhard. (Pupil of R. Franx.)
6. Adagio and Finale from the 2d Quintette in B flat, op. 87. . . . . Mendelssohn.

We have never listened to the Beethoven Quintet with such full appreciation. Was it that they played so much better, inspired by the place and audience, or was it that the room was peculiarly fitted for the full, close, distinct sound of the strings? Not a tone was lost, nothing confused or blurred. The same was felt with even more force in the accompaniment to Mrs. Long's first piece, including flute and clarinet, and in the effect of the voice itself. We have never heard this lady's voice, when it has seemed so round and mellow, and never, to our mind, has she sang so well, as in this recitative and air from Paisiello. It is a fine concert piece, in the best, the natural and unforced older Italian style; the chief fault being that it is a little too long by repetition of ideas. Strange to say, the singer was not nearly so successful in the air from *Orpheus*.

Mr. LEONHARD played the Beethoven Trio with much skill and expression, more especially in the light and subtle passages; but whether it were that he pounded somewhat, or that the instrument was not in the right mood, or that its position in the hall was not quite right, or that the hall itself was at fault, the strong chord passages had a dull, cut-off, unvibrating sound. There was considerable waywardness and exaggeration, we thought, in his rendering of the variations by a pupil of Franz. The work itself is certainly a very remarkable one for the op. 1 of a young man; the theme one of rare, original beauty, and set forth with choice selection of chords; some of the variations, alike natural and learned in style, some marvellously beautiful, as that cantabile where the bass keeps on one note in triplets; others bold, grotesque and strange:—on the whole too much of it for general enjoyment, and too oddly contrasted to please unless very perfectly played.

In the Quintet of Mendelssohn, all sounded rich and clear again. The only doubt we had about the acoustic qualities of the new hall, is what remains to be removed by a more satisfactory hearing of the piano-forte. The strings, the voice, were as clear and resonant as one could wish. A certain crudeness, to be sure, attaches to sounds in all rooms that are wholly new; places, like instruments, must get attuned; at any rate, the art of managing a new hall is not learnt always on first trial. The general satisfaction with the room and with the concert, judging from the expressions we have read and heard, was great.

#### Sculpture—Palmer's "White Captive."

This exquisite work is now on exhibition at the Athenæum. We can truly say that we have seen no modern ideal statue, which has seemed to us so purely beautiful. While it is boldly true to nature, the head in fact a portrait, it is none the less ideal, reaching by an original and wholly independent method from that of the Greek School (of to-day) the same end with the Greeks, with all true genius, the expression of a beautiful, sublimed humanity. This captive maiden, as she stands there exposed, with just a slight unconscious movement as if to get free, suppressing the anxious fear and shame with a divine self-possession, so modest and so unconcealed, clad in purity, and though she tells an actual and specific story, stands for all beauty, moral and ideal, in the divine perfections of the human form. Never have we seen marble so alive. The flesh seems as it would yield to pressure; there is not a speck of blank uncharacteristic surface; every point is vitalized. The exquisite finish with which the hands and feet are modelled surpasses anything we ever saw. And yet such fineness of detail would be uninteresting, weak and artificial, if there were not such power and beauty in the figure as a whole.

We are perhaps enthusiastic. We cannot criticize, but we wish all would go and see it; and meanwhile we find what we would say better expressed, and with more authority, in the following from the *Transcript*, although we are scarcely prepared to admit all the writer's exceptions.

We do not in this day want an eternal repetition of the Greek type or the Greek ideal. The great principles of Grecian art belong to all time, and are as indestructible as the human soul; and the Greek method is of precious value; but there are such things as Western ideas, and types of beauty and of passion, which it is the true mission and vocation both of the sculptor and the painter in America to study and embody; and of course in the highest form of art which their genius and skill can command. Miss Homer has yet to release herself from the Greek bondage, and, profiting by the lessons of her captivity, to identify herself with modern life and character, and thus with the American art that is to be. Shall we now say that the most genuine and masterly attempt in this direction has come to us from the hands of one who not long ago was a mere journeyman carpenter, without

education, culture, or manipulative skill? Such is indeed the fact, and Palmer is the man, and his "White Captive" the work, which accredits his talent and claims to this high distinction. We are not prepared to admit that this man, who has so suddenly proved himself an artist, bursting upon us as "forty thousand strong," as Waller said, "when nobody thought of such a thing"—we are not prepared to admit that this artist is correct in his theory of sculpture, or that individualities should take the place of generic forms; nor can we admit that personal blemishes have any right to be represented in a professed work of art. Whatever the speciality of the sculpture may be—we mean as to the idea which it personifies—the perfection of outline and proportion should undoubtedly be preserved; for deformity is clean out of the sphere of Art, and could not be made attractive to human sympathy, however lifelike the delineation.

Deformity is by no means, however, the fault of the "White Captive," although it is far from being faultless, and is too individual to be classed among ideal specimens; that is to say, it is too much the result of a study from life, too real in all its reflexes, and not sufficiently fused, perfected and glorified by the imagination, to belong to ideal representation. We have heard that the author plagues himself upon his peculiarity, and that the sculpture has been produced from canons of art laid down by himself, which canons he intends to follow in all his future elaborations. It is a bold and an original thing to do, and he has a right to be heard, because he has proved that he has genius, and the power of executing his fancies.

Much, however, as we admire the "White Captive," and profoundly as we reverence the marvellous beauty of some parts of it, especially the glorious sweep of the back of the neck down to the extremity of the body, which excels every thing we have yet beheld either in ancient or modern art, and insists upon its own reality as flesh and blood, which we should think it no kind of profanity to worship for its unspeakable human beauty—much, we say, as we admire all this, we venture to suggest that imagination is after all the great wizard who alone can raise reality into art, and the highest regions of art—and that the "White Captive" would have been an immeasurably higher production, touched by him and the power of his sorcery, than it now shows itself as a merely conscientious work of reality.

For in any performance of this nature the artist cannot subdue the moral features, and make them harmonize with the idea which he designs to set forth in the expression of the face, and in the dramatic position of the subject; and without this subjection and general harmony there may be an individual picture cut to arbitrary rule, but scarcely a work of art. The face of the "White Captive," for example, is nobly tragic, in its proud distress and unconquerable moral feeling—but the entire form (consciously studied from unique life) is voluptuously sensuous. In parts absolutely sensual, and our sympathy with the manacled condition of the sufferer is lost in the magnetisms of her animal beauty.

For the rest, we are bound to say that it is the most real piece of sculpture we have ever beheld; and it is the first time that marble has ever been moulded into flesh—vital and tangible flesh—and the warm color of flesh and blood. The head is superb; but we think too large and grand for the beautiful body which supports it. The hair, too, is matchless in its imitation, and flows musically over the head, as any live maiden's might do. The anatomy of the figure is very finely rendered, and the articulations of the joints, especially those of the knees, back and front, are perfect, and have no rivals in the art. The back of the figure we think finer by far than the front, and more chaste and exquisitely beautiful. The hands also might well tempt the lips of an enthusiast, they are so delicately and sweetly formed.

## Music Abroad.

### Berlin.

A correspondent of the *London Musical World*, Jan. 21, writes:

In my last I omitted a musical event of very considerable importance, to wit, a very clever organ performance by a young English—I beg pardon—American gentleman of remarkable musical abilities. The novelty of seeing an English name "in print" out here, and particularly where musical execution is concerned, induces me to send you the programme.

1. Prelude and Fugue (in G minor). . . . . J. K. Paine.
2. Choral varied: "An Wasserflüssen Babylon." S. Bach.
3. Trio Sonata in C (For two keyboards and pedals). . . . . S. Bach.
4. Toccata in F. . . . . " "
5. Trio Sonata in E flat. . . . . " "
6. Chromatic Fantasia (in A minor). . . . . Thiele.

The first piece proves Mr. Paine to be not only a player, but a thorough comprehender of the king of fugues. The subjects are well chosen, and treated with all the skill of an experienced contrapuntist. Thanks to Mr. Best, it is not requisite to say a single word of the four numbers by Sebastian Bach, but I cannot resist just saying that the varied chorale is most surpassingly beautiful. Of the Fantasia by Thiele, much might be said if space were granted me. This not being the case, however, I must content myself by saying that it is a work of as great beauty as talent and invention. Thiele is a name quite unknown in England, if I mistake not. This is not much to be wondered at, for, were we to ask a hundred persons in Berlin who he was, the probability is that no single individual would know. Like many talented men, he died young, very young, but not before he had raised himself to the highest point of his profession. As a practical and theoretical musician he had few rivals. His compositions bear the stamp of immortal genius, such as the gods vouchsafe but seldom to man. His profundity was only exceeded by his inventive talents; the fact that the great Bernhard Klein was his instructor guaran-



tees the solidity of his acquirements. Had he not had so excellent a preceptor his vivid and unbounded imagination might have led him into extravagances, such as, in later days, have tried hard to create a sensation in the neighborhood of Weimar. Even Bach himself does not surpass him in effects powerfully sublime.

One chromatic passage in contrary movement, with full chords and pedals, had an unspeakably powerful effect. It was, indeed, sufficient to melt the soul in ecstasies! Mr. Paine's playing was perfection: the resonance, however, marred the effect greatly. If I am rightly informed this young gentleman will pass through England on his way home.

Were it possible to send you a daily letter, it might be possible to give you an idea of all the musical events which transpire in this most (musically) favored city. This very evening there are three very attractive concerts, and *Don Juan* at the opera, besides an Italian version [!] of the *Barbier* at the newly-opened Victoria Theatre, and unnumbered musical attractions elsewhere of a less select character. Of recent events, the chief are as follows:—The performance of Bach's Christmas oratorio by the Sing-Akademie. As I premised, at the rehearsal the effect produced was not near so great as that by the mighty G mass, or the Passion music of the same master. It cannot be denied that there are many great beauties in the work; that some of the choruses are not a whit less majestic than the grandest of the masters; yet it is equally incontrovertible that a character far too secular pervades many, if not most, of the pieces. The lovely pastoral symphony is certainly the gem of the whole work, and bears remarkable similarity to Handel's pastoral: had the two masters not been contemporaneous and unknown to each other, one of them would most surely have been accused of plagiarism.

The next in importance comes the performance of a cantata of Bach's and "L'Allegro" of Handel, by the Bach society, under Herr Vierling's direction. The cantata, *Wer da glaubt*, is one of those immense works of Bach which he wrote every week for performance on the Sunday then following. It contains one masterly chorus, and a finely scored chorale. Bach's hand is written on every page of the score. No one else could have made so much from such little means. I will dismiss Handel by saying that he is unquestionably much better understood in England than here, at any rate judging from this performance in question. There was first of all a want of right conception of many of the pieces, and, secondly, a want of firmness in the conductor's hand. Such an unsteady performance I should not again like to hear. The solo singers (Madame Tuzcek-Herrenburg, and Messrs. Krause and Osten), did all they could to redeem the affair, but signally failed. There was no *fiasco*, properly speaking, but just such an unsatisfactory performance as might be expected when there is no decisive wielder of the baton. Herr Vierling is one of the best composers living, and as thorough a musician as Germany possesses at this moment; but he is not fit to conduct, nor will he be till he rids himself of his nervous irritability.

At a concert of Madame Burchard's a new oratorio was performed (Solomon's Song), by the respected veteran, Dr. Löwe, who came expressly from Stettin to conduct it. I could not attend the performance, and can only record the fact that while the critics here give the learned Doctor credit for the most consummate skill in writing ballads, they do not seem struck by his latest oratorio. His earlier works (purely vocal oratorios) seem to be almost entirely forgotten. His ballads are the most popular in Germany, and decidedly so. How many of our ballad fabricators have studied him to advantage, I hardly dare venture to think of.

The last symphony concert of the royal band was also not without its novelty. This was a symphony from the prolific pen of Niels Gade, entitled "In the Highlands." It is characterized by more peculiarity than beauty, and more noise than either: there is, however, much beautiful music in it, and it would reward the labor of sifting and clipping. Of virtuosi, there has been no lack. Of violinists alone there have been four: David (from Leipzig), Vieuxtemps, Ruppoldi (Vienna), and a young Moldavian named Candella—no, Candella! Vieuxtemps carried away the palm. Nothing could surpass his faultless execution and his decided good taste. He never failed to create a furor. As I hear, he is now taking his last farewell of the public. He starts for St. Petersburg in a few days. There has been a wondrous succession of novelties at the Opera: *Iphigenia*, *Idomeneo*, *Lohengrin*, *Jessonda*, *La Favorita*, *Tannhäuser*, and, last, but not least, Gluck's incomparable *Orfeo*. Johanna-Dachman Wagner played superbly, but, alas! that once magnificent voice, where is it? Alas, echo answers where? As coming events cast their

shadows before, I may safely predict the temporary retirement of this lady from the stage.—*Cor. London Musical World, Jan. 21.*

### Paris.

Ginglini bade his farewell to the Parisian public in the *Trociatore*. He was warmly received, and many tokens of regrets for his departure mingled with the plaudits. Roger, who has been performing at Havre in the *Dame Blanche* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, has concluded definitely his engagement with the Italian Opera here, and on the 2d of February he will appear in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and Mademoiselle Bathe will play also the principal part. After his second performance at Havre the artists of the theatre presented Roger with a wreath of oak leaves and gold. The *Huguenots* has just been performed at the Grand-Opéra, and Mlle. Brunet, who has been singing lately at Marseille, has made her debut here in it. On Saturday next, the opera of MM. Crémieux and Gaspars, *Ma Tante doit*, will be brought out at the Theatre-Lyrique. A great deal is expected of this work. The parts are confided to the following artists: Mad. Ugalde, Mlle. Durant (a debutante), and Mlle. Vadé, MM. Meillet and Legrand. Meanwhile Mad. Carvalho has been performing with all her original success the part of La Reine Topaze. A young artist, Mlle. Marimon, has been playing her part of Cherubino, in the *Noëes de Figaro*.

We are to have some very good concerts soon, amongst others, Richard Wagner is going to give one on the 25th at the Italian Opéra. He will have several fragments of his own works performed, amongst others the *Tannhäuser* and the *Lohengrin*. M. Alard and M. Franchomme have commenced their concerts; they are held in the *salons* of Pleyel, Wolff, &c., and will be given every fortnight. Your old favorite, Jullien, also intends giving a series of grand concerts. They will commence in March; he intends giving parts of the oratorios of *Eli*, *The Messiah*, *The Creation*, *Paulus*, &c. And under such an able hand, they will doubtless meet with great success. Emile Prudent has left for the provinces, where he is going to give some concerts. M. Fiorentino has just received the order of the Maison Ernestine from the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; and the King of Bavaria has just given a hint it would be well for you to follow. He has charged people of competent authority with the mission of selecting from amongst young musicians (of the country) those who appear possessed of the most ability and merit, to be placed under the especial patronage of the government.

The *Pardon de Plörmel* is being performed with ever-increasing success in the provinces and in various foreign towns, Brussels, Metz, Stuttgart, Mannheim, &c. \*The programme of the Société de Concerts ran thus on the first performance:—1. Symphony in A minor of Mendelssohn. 2. Motet of S. Bach (double chorus). 3. Concerto of Haydn, performed by Norblin. 4. *Près du fleuve étranger*, by Gounod, translated from the psalm, *Super flumina*. 5. *Lauda Sion*; duet by Cherubini, sang by Mlle. Rabault and Mlle. Rey. 6. Symphony in C major of Beethoven. The piece by M. Gounod, which has already been performed in the concerts of the Orphéon, produced a great sensation on the audience.

In the budget of 1860, the chapter under the head of which is mentioned the subventions to the Imperial theatres, and to the Conservatoire de Musique, the figure is stated at 1,705,000 francs; the sum given as indemnity or help afforded to artists, dramatic authors, composers and their widows, at 137,700 francs; that for encouragement and subscriptions exceeds 200,000 francs.

MANCHESTER, ENG.—Mr. Charles Hallé's Manchester concerts are becoming the vogue with all classes, from the rich merchant and manufacturer to the middle-class tradesman and *bourgeois*, and from the middle-class tradesman and *bourgeois* to the respectable and thrifty, albeit humbler, artisan. His last essay, the *Iphigenia in Tauris* of Gluck, appears to have been a positive triumph. The fact of such a work producing so great an effect in a concert-room should put to shame the managers of our lyric theatres, Italian and English, who have so obstinately presented a "cold shoulder" to the patriarch of dramatic music—to Christopher Gluck, immediate predecessor of Mozart (though not of the same family), legitimate father of Spontini, and no less legitimate grandfather of Giacomo Meyerbeer.

The principal characters of the *dramatis personæ* were thus sustained at Manchester:—

*Iphigenia* (High Priestess in Tauris). Mad. Catherine Hayes.  
The Goddess Diana. . . . . Mlle. Merel.  
Priestess of the Temple. . . . . Miss E. Thorley.  
Orestes (brother of Iphigenia). . . . . Mr. Santley.  
Pyraides (his friend). . . . . Mr. Sims Reeves.  
Thoas (King of the Scythians). . . . . Mr. Thomas.  
Minister of the Sanctuary. . . . . Mr. Arnold.

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#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

It was thou who didst sully. (E tu che macchiavi.) "Ballo in maschera." 25

But if to lose thee. (Ma se me forza perdesti.) "Ballo in maschera." 35

The first is the famous Cavatina for Baritone, of whose excellency already many rumors have spread. It bids fair to throw "Il balen" into the shade. The other is a fine song for soprano.

Love's dream is o'er. Ballad. From the opera of "Victorine." 25

A beautiful song from Alfred Mellon's new opera, now performing at the Pyne and Harrison English opera in London and meeting with extraordinary success. Other songs are in press and will follow soon.

What though a cloud. (E se le nubi anco.) "Der Freischütz." 25

Cavatina of Agathe, opening the last act, a song of everlasting beauty. This copy has also the German words, "Und ob die Wolke."

Robinson Crusoe. Comic Song. Sam Cowell. 25

While the scenic spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges" was having such a run at the Boston Theatre last year, Mr. Setchell introduced this song of "Robinson Crusoe" in his part and created unbounded merriment with it. It is a capital song in its way. Singers, fond of the humorous, should not fail to get a copy.

Song of the Octoroon. G. C. Howard. 25

A sad, melancholy strain of much beauty and power, which one must think just suited to the heroine of Bourcelault's new play.

#### Instrumental Music.

Picciola, or the Chant of the Captive. Romance. Brintley Richards. 35

One of this author's exquisite tone-poems, which enjoys an immense popularity in England. It would be strange if the attention of amateurs in this country should not be drawn to this composer, whose drawing-room compositions for the Piano-forte are unsurpassed in grace and elegance.

Ernani involami.—Ghost Melody in "Corsican Brothers." Rimbaud. 15

Il mio tesoro.—Rule Britannia. " 15

Quando le sere. " 15

Arrangements for the very youngest pupils. May be given as first pieces. They are numbers of a set of 24 similar compositions, under the name of the "Gardland."

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